

I think of the words of St. Francis Xavier, 'What does it profit, etc.,' he said, writing to his parents, 'it seems to me that I still love this earth,—not, however, for itself, but for the good one can do his fellow men while here. How ardently, then, * * * but the time has not come.' The time of which he spoke did not long delay coming. After completing the studies at St. Bertin's which he began in the little Seminary of Arras, he returned to his parents.

For a loving, delicate nature like his, family-life was replete with charms. But his soul heard the voice of the Church, oppressed in the person of Pius IX., and he could not resist its call. He went to Rome, and took his place among the defenders of the Papacy. Other pupils of St. Bertin's had preceded him thither, the most noteworthy of whom was Arthur Gullemine, the hero martyr of Castelfidardo and Montelibretti. On the 5th of April, 1866, he wrote: "I did but obey the voice of conscience, and I daily congratulate myself on having come here for such a cause."

He was, however, not a choice soldier arriving at the regiment; for he wore spectacles, and this weakness of his eyes obliged him to undergo an examination. Thus failure was to be expected; but being a man for an emergency, he discarded his spectacles, and by his vivaciousness and good humor succeeded in being declared fit for service. We can hardly imagine, what the life of a Pontifical Zouave was at that time. His letters are filled with accounts of their forced marches; and these not on the high ways, but over rough mountain paths in pursuit of Garibaldians. In this rough school the soldier was soon formed; not, however, at the expense of the Christian; for though it was a life full of perils, the Christian suffered no damage. "I hold to only one thing," he said, writ-

ing to his parents, "namely: to keep my conscience blameless; for to-day as well as to-morrow, I may fall a victim to the fury of the *banditti*, and be sent into the next world."

How exact is he to attend to his duties also! He relates it himself with charming candor: "We expected to perform our Easter duties at Subiaco, where we had a French chaplain; but, being obliged to leave that city sooner than we expected, we were prevented from doing so, and now many are unable to go to confession, on account of their ignorance of Italian. I am asked, how I will acquit myself of this duty; and in reply, I tell them that, since the French chaplain is not here, I will go to the Italian archpriest, and make my confession to him in Latin. As said, so done,—this morning I made my Easter duty."

Julius carried from St. Bertin's not only the knowledge of Latin, but also the habitual practice of prayer. "I pray for you every day," he wrote to his parents, adding these beautiful words, "I pray little, it is true, but, as a Christian soldier, I pray well." The soldier, however, did not eclipse the apostle; for during those long watch-hours, during those many nights, spent in pursuit of the enemy, he thought of his future.

"If I am preserved from the enemy's ball, I know what I will do." — What was it that this man of self-sacrifice wished to do? Was it to quit the uniform of a Zouave for the coarse habit worn by the sons of St. Theresa, or to go forth, to carry the Faith to the hearts of Infidels. His letters show with what care he made his choice between these two states.

On the 9th of September, 1867, in a letter to his parents, he says, "Thanks to God! My vocation to the priesthood is stronger than ever. Should you wish to see me before my entering the convent, inform me, and I will spend eight